

# The Charlotte Journal.

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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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"Perpetual Vigilance is the Price of Liberty," for "Power is always Stealing from the Many to the Few."

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## Tributes to the Late President.

We present this week the remarks of Messrs. Cass, Pearce, King, and Berrien, of the Senate, on the death of the late President.

**Mr. CASS.** Again and again, during the present session, has a warning voice come from the tomb, saying to all of us, "Be ye also ready." Two of our colleagues have fallen in the midst of their labors, and we have followed them to the narrow house where all must lie. In life we are in death; and this lesson which accompanies us from the cradle to the grave, is among those merciful dispensations of Providence, which teach us how transitory are things around us, how soon they must be abandoned for an existence, with no hope but that which is held out by the Gospel of our Saviour. And now another solemn warning is heard; and this time it will carry mourning to the hearts of twenty millions of people. Impressively has it been said and repeated, "A great man has fallen in Israel." In the Providence of God the Chief Magistrate of the republic, to whom his fellow citizens had confided the high executive duties of the country, has been suddenly taken from us—ripe, indeed, in years and honors, and but the other day in the full possession of his health, and with the promise of years of faithful and patriotic service before him. The statesman, occupying as proud a position as this world offers to human hopes, has been struck down in a crisis which demanded all his firmness and wisdom. The conqueror upon many a battle field has fought his last fight and been vanquished. The soldier who had passed unharmed through many a bloody fray has fallen before the shaft of the great destroyer. How truly are we told, that there is one rent unto all! The mighty and the lowly descend to the tomb together, and together are covered with the clouds of the valley; and thus pass away the honors and the cares of life!

The moment is too solemn and impressive for labored addresses. Thoughts, not words, are the tribute which it demands. History will do justice to the deceased patriot. He will live in the memory of his countrymen, as he lived in their hearts and affections. His active life was spent in their service, and in those scenes of peril, of exertion, and of exposure which it is the lot of the American soldier to encounter, and which he meets without a murmur, faithful to his duty, lead him where it may in life or in death. His splendid military exploits have placed him among the great captains of the age, and will be an imperishable monument of his own fame and of the glory of his country. In the despatch of force, they carry us back for similar examples to the earlier ages of the world—to the combats which history has recorded, and where inequality yielded to the exertion of skill and valor. But I need not recur to them: are they not written in burning characters upon the heart of every American?

Strong in the confidence of his countrymen, he was called to the Chief Magistracy at a period of great difficulty—more portentous, indeed, than any we have ever experienced. And now he has been called by Providence from his high functions, with his mission unfulfilled, leaving us to mourn his loss and honor his memory. His own last words, spoken with equal truth and sincerity, constitute his highest eulogy. "I am not afraid to die," said the dying patriot; "I have done my duty." The integrity of his motives was never assailed or available. He had passed through life, and a long and active one, neither meriting nor meeting reproach; and in his last hour the conviction of the honest discharge of his duty was present to console, even when the things of this life were fast fading away.

Let us humbly hope that this afflictive dispensation of Providence may not be without its salutary influence upon the American people and upon their representatives. It comes in the midst of a strong agitation, threatening the most disastrous consequences to our country, and to the great cause of self government throughout the world. It is a solemn appeal, and should be heard and heeded. His death, whose loss we mourn, will not be in vain, if it tends to subdue the feelings that have been excited, and to prepare the various sections of our country for a mutual spirit of forbearance, which shall ensure the safety of all by the zealous co-operation of all. We could offer no more appropriate nor durable tribute to departed worth than such a sacrifice of conflicting views upon the altar of our common country. In life and in death he will equally have devoted himself to her service and her safety.

**Mr. PEARCE.** Mr. Secretary, I must ask the Senate to pardon me for venturing to add to what has been said, the expression of the profound regret with which, in common with the Senate and the country, I have learned the sad event which has been announced to-day.

A life of public service, hardship, danger, and glory has been suddenly closed. That Providence which protected the late President amidst the perils of his long, faithful, and splendid military career, and which permitted him to reap the harvest of admiration and affection which had grown up for him in the hearts of his countrymen, has removed him from us before the measure of his usefulness was full. That life which was ever devoted to the service of his country, was yielded up while he was in the discharge of the highest civil trusts—trusts not sought by him, but imposed upon him by the people. To the performance of these trusts he had brought the pledges of an unstained life, of a pure and fervent patriotism, of stern integrity,

of a kind and benignant temper, of unyielding firmness, and of unmixt devotion to the welfare of that country which he had served so well, and which so freely and worthily bestowed its confidence on him.

Few men have had better fortune than he—none better deserved it. The virtues of his simple and modest, but heroic character, had so endeared him to his fellow citizens, that I am sure I may venture to say, that even in the midst of the political strife which he ever sought to moderate and soften, there is not one whose heart will not throb with emotion when he learns the death of Zachary Taylor.

**Mr. KING.** Mr. Secretary, it is not my design, after the eloquent tribute that has been paid to the memory of the deceased President of the United States, to add many words to what has already fallen from the honorable gentlemen. It was my fortune to have been personally and intimately acquainted with the distinguished individual, who has been called away from us, for more than five and twenty years. My relations with him, during that period, were of such a character, as enabled me to form, I think, a correct estimate of the man, and to appreciate, as I did most highly his many estimable qualities; and I can say that, in all the relations of life, he so bore himself as to command the respect of his acquaintances, the ardent regard of his friends, and the devoted attachment of his countrymen. As a man, he was surpassed by none in honesty of purpose; he was without guile. As a soldier, all know, and none more than those I address, that he had won laurels that would have graced the brow of the first soldier of Europe or America. It was my fortune, Senators, to be in Europe at the time when the news reached there that the gallant General of our forces on the Rio Grande, the late President of the United States, was surrounded, or supposed to be surrounded, by an overwhelming force, he commanding a small but gallant band. Every American heart beat with anxiety and fear. We felt, as Americans should feel, that a reverse then would cast in some degree a cloud over the country of our birth. When the news reached us that the gallant General, that little band had marched from his position, regardless of the danger, had retraced his footsteps and conquered the foe at Rosaca de la Palma, no man but he who was away from his country in a foreign land could have felt what we as American citizens felt at those tidings. Senators, the gallantry of that man was appreciated not only by his countrymen, but it was felt and appreciated by the first military men of Europe. The living hero of the age, the great Duke of Wellington, declared, as Napoleon had declared of him on a certain occasion, "General Taylor is a General indeed." I therefore, Senators, am not surprised that the enthusiastic spirit of the American people led them to support a man whose patriotism, whose devotion to his country, whose gallantry, and whose successful services on the field, must have endeared him to the hearts of all. As a man, I have said he was honest in purpose. His patriotism, his devotion to the constitution of his country, under which he cherished those free institutions, I have never questioned. I think I know him well, and I believe there was no man more patriotic. If errors were committed, I shall draw the curtain over them. No longer would I feel justified in holding him up to the gaze, even if they had been ten times as glaring as they were. The country has reason to deplore the death of a great man, and I must be permitted to add, a good man. He has gone from among us, and the afflictive event has been appealed to to cultivate and cherish kind relations. I trust in God that these kind relations will be cherished, and that we shall on this day vow on the altar of our country, to discard all bickering and strife, all sectional dissensions, and live and die as Americans should, in support of the Union.

**Mr. BERRIEN.** Senators, I yield to a suggestion which has been made to me since our assembling here this morning, by a highly respected associate, in making this brief trespass on your time. It is not my purpose, in these brief unprepared remarks, to pronounce an eulogium on the departed Chief Magistrate. That has been amply done already, in terms at once expressive and eloquent. Nor is it my design to give expression to individual and personal feelings. Such feeling may be left appropriately to repose in the bosom of him who cherishes it. Nor yet do I seek to give feeble and imperfect utterance to a nation's grief. That will be done by our countrymen in their primary assemblies, as this melancholy intelligence flies with lightning speed to the remotest borders of the Republic, and with a freshness and vividness and force, which the feelings of a free and sensitive people will impart to the expression of emotions springing directly from their own sorrowing hearts. We should vainly attempt by anticipation, to give utterance to their feelings. Still less would I venture to intrude upon the mourning inmates of that domestic circle, who are still clustering round the mortal remains of a departed husband and father; for the sorrows of widowhood and of orphanage are sacred. But concerning as I do most cordially, in the sentiments which have been so touchingly and eloquently expressed in various portions of this chamber—if I could succeed in adding one, even the slightest motive—in furnishing one, even the feeblest incentive, to the suggestion which honorable Senators have urged of the use which we ought to make of this solemn and afflictive dispensation of Providence, my purpose will have been accomplished—my duty will have been

fulfilled. In my reflections upon this subject, I have felt that this dispensation of Providence, in its results, to be eminently productive of good or evil to our common country; and in humble reliance on it depends upon us, Senators, and our associates, in the discharge of the important trusts which are committed to this highest legislative assembly of a free people; it depends essentially upon us and the co-ordinate department of the Government, to improve this afflictive dispensation of Almighty God to purposes at once salutary and beneficial to the great interests of the country. If we can feel that in the sudden death of our patriot chief—his abrupt summons of one "without fear and without reproach"—in the vigor of life, and in the full enjoyment of the highest honors—the most gratifying reward which the unthought homage of a free people could accord to him—if we can feel the solemnity of this sudden call of an individual so esteemed, so honored, so surrounded with all that could contribute to the happiness of man—if we can truly appreciate the lesson which such a dispensation is calculated to impart, then, Senators, consequences the most beneficial may result from it. It shall teach us to realize the comparative hollowness of sublunary things—if it shall enable us in sincerity to feel that this transitory life in which we are sometimes struggling, in the bitter dissensions which political parties or sectional divisions are but too apt to engender—that the brief term of our continuance here is but a single step in the series of infinite existence—a mere point at which man pauses to look around him before he launches on eternity's ocean—if we can justly estimate ourselves, and rightly appreciate the duties which devolve upon us, we shall indeed have extracted from this melancholy event that salutary and beneficial lesson which, in the goodness of Providence, it was designed to impart. If, on the altar of our common country, we can sacrifice the bitterness of party and of sectional feeling—if, at this moment, when the heart of a great nation is palpitating with anxiety we can come to the discharge of the high and solemn duties which devolve upon us with hearts purified by affliction, in the singleness and sincerity of purpose, and in the humility of spirit which becomes us, this melancholy dispensation of Providence will indeed have been productive of results most salutary to the great interests of the American people. And believe me, Senators, if a result so propitious could have been foreseen, owed to that departed patriot in the last struggling moments of his existence, it would have cheered the agonies of his dying hour.

I am permitted to say in illustration of the strong and patriotic feeling which animated him in the latest moments of his existence, even when the light of intellect was flickering in its socket—I am permitted to repeat the expression of the departed patriot, as his recollection turned to the recent visit he had made to the monument now being erected to the memory of Washington. "Let it rise, (he said) let it ascend without interruption; let it point to the skies; let it stand forever as a lasting monument of the gratitude and affection of a free people to the Father of his Country."

## Eulogiums in the House.

Annexed will be found the remarks of Messrs. Conrad of La., and Winthrop of Me., on the death of President Taylor, delivered in the House of Representatives on the 10th instant.

**Mr. CONRAD** said: Mr. Speaker, in accordance with a wish expressed by many members, I have prepared a resolution adapted to the melancholy event which has just been announced, and which I propose to offer to the House. Before doing so, however, I would do violence to my own feelings, as a representative of that State of which the illustrious deceased was a citizen, and the brightest ornament, if I did not offer some remarks appropriate to the melancholy occasion on which we are assembled. So seldom has an event occurred which more strikingly illustrates the uncertainty of life and the instability of earthly greatness than the one we are called upon to deplore.

A few days ago General Taylor was in his usual robust health. On the fourth of this month he attended some ceremonies which took place in commemoration of the anniversary of our national independence. As the ceremonies occurred in the open air, it is believed, that the exposure to a heat of unusual intensity produced the malady which, at a bout half past ten last night, terminated his earthly career.

A great patriot has fallen! A great benefactor of his country has departed from among us! In a few hours a nation will be plunged into mourning, and the voice of lamentation will ascend from twenty millions of people!

It is not my purpose, Mr. Speaker, to dwell at length, on this occasion, on the public career and the military achievements of General Taylor. These belong to the history of his country, and are deeply engraven on the memories and hearts of his countrymen. I prefer to dwell on those minor traits of his character which, as they exert a less perceptible influence on the destinies of nations, are too often overlooked by historians.

General Taylor was not one of those characters of which history furnishes many conspicuous examples, in which many defects are concealed, and the dazzling splendor of a single virtue. On the luminous disc of his character no dark spots are discernible. His biography will have no great follies to conceal, or faults to excuse, or crimes to palliate or condemn. There is no dark passage in

his life which justice will be called upon to condemn or morally to reprove, or humanity to deplore. Like the finished production of an artist, the details of the picture are as correct and as beautiful as the general outline is grand and imposing.

His heroic courage and military genius are those qualities to which he is chiefly indebted for his fame; and yet those who knew him best would not consider them the prominent attributes of his character. On the contrary, this courage appeared only an adventitious quality, occasionally developed by circumstances requiring its exercise. His prominent characteristics, always manifest, were an unaffected modesty, combined with extraordinary firmness, a stern sense of duty, and of justice, tempered with benevolence, an inflexible integrity, a truthfulness that knew no dissimulation, a sincerity and frankness which rendered concealment or disguise absolutely necessary.

These were the traits that endeared him to his friends, and inspired with confidence all who approached him. These were the qualities which in private life made him the upright man, the valuable citizen, the devoted friend, the affectionate husband, the fond father, the kind and indulgent master, and which brought into public life, made him the disinterested patriot and the faithful and conscientious functionary. His martial courage was set off and relieved by this group of civic virtues, as the brilliancy of the diamond is enhanced by the gem of softer ray by which it is encircled.

The mass of the people in all countries possess a wonderful sagacity in detecting the prominent traits of their distinguished men. The American people are inferior to none in this quality; and they soon discovered and appreciated the merits of General Taylor. It is not surprising, therefore, that they called him almost by acclamation, to fill the first office of our nation.

It is so common for the most ambitious men to affect a reluctance in accepting those very honors which they have long and ardently sought, that we are apt to consider all such professions as indicating feelings the very reverse of those they express. Those, however, who know General Taylor well, entertained no doubt of the sincerity of his declarations when he was called upon to be a candidate for the office of President.

The excitement of politics had no charms for one who had always been extremely averse to political controversy. The pomp and splendor of the Presidential mansion had no temptations for one who was always remarkable for the simplicity of his tastes and the frugality of his habits. Add to this, that his unaffected modesty and inexperience in public affairs led him sincerely to distrust his ability to discharge the duties of this high and responsible station.

At no period of our history, indeed, was the Executive chair, surrounded by more difficulties than those which encompassed it when he was called on to occupy it. Party spirit was still raging with unabated fury; a dark cloud was visible on the horizon, which portended that a storm of unusual violence was approaching, and would shortly burst forth. Under such circumstances, a man even of stouter heart on his might well hesitate before he consented to embark then his "sea of troubles." Yielding, however, to the public voice, and to the arguments and persuasion of his friends, he did embark. The tempest arose; and in the midst of its fury, while the vessel of State was tossed to and fro, and all eyes were turned with a confidence not unmixed with anxiety to the pilot who, calm and collected, guided her course, that pilot was suddenly swept from the helm!

Here let us pause! Let us avail ourselves of the momentary calm which this sad event has produced, and calmly survey the perils that surround us—the lowering heavens above, the raging billows below, the breakers on our right, the shoals on our left. Let us prepare to meet these dangers like men and like patriots, to overcome them. Let us not despair of the republic. On the contrary, let us determine that she must be saved, and she will be saved. The clouds that overhang us will be dispersed, and the glorious stars of our Union will again shine forth with their wonted splendor.

**Mr. WINTHROP** rose and spoke as follows:

It would not be easily excused, Mr. Speaker, by those whom I represent in this Hall, if there were no Massachusetts voice to respond to the eulogy which has been pronounced by Louisiana upon her illustrious and lamented son. Indeed, neither my personal feelings nor my personal relations to the living or the dead, would permit me to remain altogether silent on this occasion. And yet, sir, I confess, I know not how to say any thing satisfactory to myself, or suitable to the circumstances of the hour.

The event which has just been officially announced, has come upon us so suddenly—has so overwhelmed us with mingled emotions of surprise and sadness—that all ordinary forms of expression seem to lose their significance, and one would fain bow his head to the blow in silence, until its first shock has in some degree passed away.

Certainly, sir, no one can fail to realize that a most momentous and mysterious Providence has been manifested in our midst. At a moment when, more than almost ever before in our history, the destinies of our country seemed, to all human sight, to be inseparably associated with the character and conduct of its Chief Executive Magistrate, that Magistrate has been summoned from his post, by the only messenger whose mandates he might not have defied, and has been with-

drawn forever from the sphere of human existence!

There are those of us, I need not say, sir, who had looked to him with affection and reverence as our chosen leader and guide in the difficulties and perplexities by which we are surrounded. There are those of us who had relied confidently on him, as upon no other man, to uphold the Constitution and maintain the Union of the country in that future, upon which "clouds and darkness" may well be said to rest. And, as we now behold him, borne away by the hand of God from our sight, in the very hour of peril, we can hardly repress the exclamation, which was applied to the departing prophet of old: "My father, my father! the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof."

Let me not even seem to imply, however, that the death of Gen. Taylor is any thing less than a National loss. There may be, and we know there is, in this event, a privileged and pre-eminently grief for his immediate family and relatives, to which we can only offer the assurance of our heartfelt sympathy.—There is, too, a peculiar sorrow for his political friends and supporters, which we would not affect to conceal. But the whole people of the United States will feel, and will bear witness, when they receive the melancholy tidings, that they have all been called to sustain a most afflictive National bereavement.

I hazard nothing, sir, in saying, that the roll of our Chief Magistrates, since 1789, illustrious as it is, presents the name of no man who has enjoyed a higher reputation with posterity, than Zachary Taylor, for some of the best and noblest qualities which adorn our nature.

His indomitable courage, his unimpeachable honesty, his Spartan simplicity and sagacity, his frankness, kindness, moderation and magnanimity, his fidelity to his friends, his generosity and humanity to his enemies, the purity of his private life, the patriotism of his public principles, will never cease to be cherished in the grateful remembrance of all just men and all true-hearted Americans.

As a Soldier and a General, his fame is associated with some of the proudest and most thrilling scenes of our military history. He may be literally said to have conquered every enemy he has met, save only that last enemy, to which we must all, in turn, surrender.

As a Civilian and Statesman, during the brief period to which he has been permitted to enjoy the transcendent honors which a grateful country had awarded him, he has given proof of a devotion to duty, of an attachment to the Constitution and the Union, of a patriotic determination to maintain the Peace of our country, which no trials or temptations could shake. He has borne his faculties meritoriously and firmly. He has been "clear in his great office." He has known no local partialities or prejudices, but has proved himself capable of embracing his whole country in the comprehensive affections and regards of a large and generous heart.

But he has fallen almost at the threshold of his civil career, and at a moment when some of us were looking to him to render services to the country which we had thought no other man could perform. Certainly, sir, he has died too soon for every body but himself. We can hardly find it in our hearts to regret that the good old man has gone to his rest. We would not disturb the repose in which the brave old soldier sleeps. His part in life had been long and faithfully performed. In his own last words, "he had always done his duty, and he was not afraid to die." But our regrets for ourselves and for our own country are deep, strong, and unfeigned.

Sir, it was a fit and beautiful circumstance in the close of such a career, that his last official appearance was at the celebration of the Birthday of our National Independence, and, more especially, that his last public act was an act of homage to the memory of him whose example he had ever revered and followed, and who, as he himself so well said, "was, by so many titles, the Father of his Country."

And now, Mr. Speaker, let us hope that this event may teach us all how vain is our reliance upon any arm of flesh. Let us hope that it may impress us with a solemn sense of our National as well as individual dependence on a higher than human Power. Let us remember that "the Lord is king, be the people never so impatient; that he sitteth between the cherubims, be the earth never so unquiet." Let us, in language which is now hallowed to us all, as having been the closing and crowning sentiment of the brief but admirable Inaugural Address with which this illustrious Patriot opened his Presidential term, and it is my privilege to read at this moment from the very copy from which it was originally read by himself to the American people, on the 4th day of March, 1849—"let us in language in which he, being dead, yet speaketh"—"Let us invoke a continuance of the same Protecting Care which has led us from small beginnings to the eminence we this day occupy; and let us seek to deserve that continuance by prudence and moderation in our councils; by well directed attempts to assuage the bitterness which too often marks unavoidable differences of opinion; by the promulgation and practice of just and liberal principles; and by an enlarged patriotism, which shall acknowledge no limits but those of our own wide spread Republic."

## A WHEEL WITHIN A WHEEL—AN EGG WITHIN AN EGG.

A fowl egg was brought to our office, yesterday, almost the size of a goose egg, which contained within it another perfect egg of ordinary size. They may be seen at this office. The fowl which produced it was of a large breed, imported by Capt. Howard, of Charleston Neck.—*Charleston Courier.*

## FROM THE RIO GRANDE.—MURDER AND LYNCH LAW.

By the arrival of the steam ship Yacht we have received the American Flag of the 17th inst.

There were reports of Indian depredations between Brownsville and Point Isabel. The house of Mr. G. L. Stillwell, near the Sal Colorado, was attacked by eleven Indians, who, however, were repulsed. It is supposed that a Mr. Holbrook was killed by them.

The Flag relates that a young Mexican, who shot and killed another Mexican, at a monte bank, and attempted to escape by swimming the river, was captured, brought back, and hung in twenty minutes from the time the murder was committed.

Another occurrence of the same kind took place on the 11th inst. The night before at a fandango, or rather after having left it, Captain John Brennan was followed, stabbed, and killed by a notorious ruffian named Bill Hardy. The murderer then walked back to the house, with his knife in hand, reeking with blood, exclaiming, "I'm a tart; and that's the way I'll serve any man who will follow me." Some of those who heard him, supposing he had got into a difficulty with a Mexican, advised him to leave, which he did.

As soon as it was ascertained that he had killed Captain Brennan, men were sent to the several ferries to prevent his escape into Mexico, and others started in pursuit. He was arrested next morning about daylight, near one of the ferries, ironed and taken to jail. The only cause assigned for this brutal outrage is the refusal of Brennan to let Hardy have money, while at Brazos. This Hardy it appears, killed a man in St. Louis, one on the Arkansas, and had attempted to take the life of several at Galveston, Austin, and San Antonio, and was sent away from Monterey in irons during the war. On learning the character of the man, and the insecurity of the jail, the citizens of Brownsville determined, as the prisoner had confessed his guilt, to cut short his murderous career at once. A meeting assembled, and it was voted that the culprit should be hung forthwith. The Flag describes the rest of the proceedings as follows:

The crowd then proceeded to the jail and demanded the culprit. The deputy sheriff remarked to the crowd, that he held the keys of the jail, and it was his duty to safely keep the prisoner, but he did not feel disposed to resist the demand of so large a portion of the citizens of the county. He would, therefore, deliver up the keys, with the request that the prisoner be permitted to make any statement in extenuation, or otherwise, he might wish. This was readily acceded to, when the prisoner was unfettered and brought forth and in that condition permitted to walk to the place of his execution. It was proposed to tie him, but on his assuring them that he would not attempt to run, he was suffered to go free and untrammelled in any way. On reaching the spot selected for this tragic scene, he remarked that he knew he had to die, and intended to die like a man; but would rather be shot than hung. The crowd assembled to witness the solemn tragedy was quite large, but orderly and quiet, with a few exceptions. No one volunteering to shoot the guilty, hardened wretch, it was decided that he must be hung. Rev. Mr. Cravens then came forward and introduced himself, and asked Hardy if he desired any preparation, or had any statement to make. He said he had nothing to say except as to the disposition of his effects, and requested the writing of a few letters to his friends. He then requested Mr. Cravens to pray for him. During all this time, and even while the arrangements were making for launching him into eternity, where he would meet a more dread tribunal than any on earth, he evinced the most perfect indifference as to his fate, not suffering a muscle of his face or limbs to betray the least emotion. And even took the rope that was to hang him and tied the hangman's knot to show how it was done, without the slightest perceptible tremor of the nerves. Those managing the matter, fearing the knot was not well tied, untied it for the purpose of retying it in which they failed, when he remarked to a gentleman standing near him that he would have to tie it again. This kind office the individual addressed promised to perform for him. The doomed man then got into a cart, mounted on a plank which rested on the wheels, without any resistance or assistance, and while the rope, which was suspended from a beam used for hoisting beams, was being adjusted around his neck, wished to have his hands tied, behind him. There he stood, high above the crowd, his hands tied, the noose close about his neck; death staring him in the face, calm, cool and collected. The cart moved from under him, and in this condition he was hurried into eternity. Such a spectacle we never witnessed before, may we never again. It was evidently his intention to leap from the cart, but was prevented from so doing by some one attracting his attention as it started, which caused his feet to drag from the tail. He died after a slight struggle, and thus terminated the earthly career of the notorious Bill Hardy, who had been the terror of every community in which he lived. He met death with the same reckless indifference that he had meted it out to others. May his fate be a warning to all who have heretofore considered themselves beyond the reach of law and justice.

Capt. Brennan was consigned to his last resting place by the Odd Fellows, attended by a large concourse of citizens.—*N. O. Eve.*

A bottle of Egyptian perfume, 2000 years old, is preserved at the Alnwick Museum, and still retains its odor.